

And what shall I doe then? He bring a beavy,
A hundred blacke eyd Maides, that love as I doe
With Chaplets on their heads of Daffadillies,
With cherry-lips, and cheekes of Damaske Roses,
And all wee'l daunce an Antique fore the Duke,
And beg his pardon; Then she talk'd of you Sir;
That you must loose your head to morrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome, then she sing
Nothing but Willow, willow, willow, and betweene
Ever was, *Palamon*, faire *Palamon*,
And *Palamon*, was a tall yong man. The place
Was knee deepe where she sat; her careless Tresses,
A wreake of bull-rush rounded; about her stucke
Thousand fresh water flowers of severall colours.
That me thought she appeard like the faire Nymph
That feedes the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt downe from heaven; Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies: Thus our true love's tide,
This you may loose, not me, and many a one:
And then she wept, and sung againe, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smil'd, and kist her hand.

2. *Fr.* Alas what pittie it is?

Woer. I made in to her.

She saw me, and straight sought the flood, I sav'd her,
And set her safe to land: when presently
She slipt away, and to the Citty made,
With such a cry, and swiftnes, that beleeve me
Shee left me farre behinde her; three, or foure,
I saw from farre off crosse her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother, where she staid,
And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her.

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hether came to tell you: Here they are.

Daugh. May you never more enjoy the light, &c.
Is not this a fine Song?

Bro. O a very fine one.

Daugh.

Daugh. I can sing twenty more.

Bro. I thinke you can,

Daugh. Yes truly can I, I can sing the Broome,
And Bony Robin. Are not you a tailor?

Bro. Yes,

Daugh. Wher's my wedding Gowne?

Bro. He bring it to morrow.

Daugh. Doe, very rarely, I must be abroad else
To call the Maides, and pay the Minstrels
For I must loose my Maydenhead by cocklight
Twill never thrive else.

O faire, oh sweete, &c.

Singes.

Bro. You must ev'n take it patiently.

Iay. Tis true,

Daugh. Good ev'n, good men, pray did you ever heare
Of one yong *Palamon*?

Iay. Yes wench we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine yong Gentleman?

Iay. Tis, Love.

Bro. By no meane crosse her, she is then distemperd
For worse then now she shoves.

1. *Fr.* Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. O, is he so? you have a Sister.

1. *Fr.* Yes.

Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so,
For a trick that I know, y' had best looke to her,
For if she see him once, she's gone, she's done,
And undon in an howre. All the young Maydes
Of our Towne are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em
And let 'em all alone, Is't not a wise course?

1. *Fr.* Yes.

(by him,

Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with child
There must be fowre; yet I keepe close for all this,
Close as a Cockle; and all these must be Boyes,
He has the trick on't, and at ten yeares old
They must be all gelt for Musicians,
And sing the wars of *Thebes*.

2. *Fr.* This is strange.